THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

BROTHERHOOD.

That plenty but reproaches me
  Which leaves my brother bare.
Not wholly glad my heart can be
  While his is bowed with care.
If I go free and sound and stout
  While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
  And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
  Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
  That whichsoever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not,—
  The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
  May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad.
  I would be housed and dry.
But if so be my heart is sad,—
  What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
  The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
  Who shares that joy with grief.

—Edward Sanford Martin.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Read the article telling why Dr. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu declined an American Board secretaryship, and get some conception of a great mid-ocean vision!

Los Angeles claims more high school pupils than any city of its size in the United States. Throughout Southern California the sale of schools books is said to be more than double what it was five years ago.

"Personality and the Christian Ideal" is the title of a book by Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, to be published soon by The Pilgrim Press. The book by Professor Buckham, a few years ago, "Christ and the Eternal Order," was one of much interest and helpfulness to a large number of people, and another from his pen will be welcomed.

The Southern Methodist Church has worked itself far up to the North and has scattered here and there far from its place of origin not a few fine plants. One of the most valuable is an hundred thousand dollar stone church edifice at Portland, Oregon. Among the equipment is an $8,000 pipe organ. The auditorium will accommodate 2,000 persons when necessary.

Since June 1st an average of more than ten thousand people has been landed in Portland daily by the different transportation lines. The travel has been greater than it was during the Lewis and Clark exposition four years ago. Although the hotel accommodations have been more than doubled since that time it has been difficult frequently for travelers to get accommodations. People who have tarried in Oregon for a few weeks testify that the summer climate is fine.

The little town of Hood River, near which the famous Oregon apples are grown, has a University Club of 103 members, all college bred men. A few days ago the Portland Commercial Club escorted to the Hood River valley a large number of the members of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and experimental stations and the words of praise uttered irradiate now not only the Hood River region but all Oregon. According to Dr. Hunt, dean of the Pennsylvania School of Agriculture, the proximity of Mt. Hood is responsible for the wonderful quality of the apples. "It sends the water down under the soil, but keeps the atmosphere dry and cool, and with that subsoil but a few inches beneath the surface full of moisture, it makes it possible to grow the apple free of scab and with a wonderful color."

According to records kept in the office of the Consul General of Japan in San Francisco, there were 911 departures from Japan to the United Sttes between January 1st and July 1st, 1909. For the same time the arrivals in Japan from the United States numbered 1,708. Of this number 1,580 were laborers. Of the 911 arrivals in the United States 378 were laborers. The departures from Japan for Hawaii for the same period were 597, of which number 475 were laborers. The arrivals in Japan from Hawaii numbered 1,334, all but 12 of which were laborers. The excess of arrivals in Japan over departures was 797 for the United States and 737 for the Territory of Hawaii. The total excess for the last eighteen months was 2,464 for the United States and 2,544 for Hawaii. Accordingly the statistics show a decrease of 5,008 in the Japanese population in American territory between January 1st 1908 and July 1st 1909.

Read the message from the American Missionary Association which appears on the last page of The Pacific this week. It is one of the worthiest of the Congregational benevolent societies. There are twenty million brown-skinned people in our body politic. This is our society for reaching them, and the manner in which we reach them will shape largely our nation's future. Then, too, this is the Congregational Society which works among the American Highlanders in the needy mountain regions of the South. It is also the one which seeks the evangelization and Christianization of the Orientals here in our midst in large numbers. Not a few of those reached here in the past are great missionary workers now in their native lands. Far reaching is the influence for good of those who give to the work of the A. M. A.

The loss of the missionary schooner, the Hiram Bingham, and the death of her courageous captain, Alfred C. Walkup, was one of the sad pieces of news last week. There was simply a cablegram from New South Wales telling of the loss. Details are not expected until letters are received which are not likely to arrive for two or three weeks yet. The son and daughter, reported in the daily papers as being with Captain Walkup, it has been ascertained were not with him, but were at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The statement in a daily paper that seafaring men in San Francisco regarded the Hiram Bingham as unseaworthy is resented by American Board officials. Disaster comes often to the staunchest craft. When last heard from the vessel was at Ocean Island, one of the Gilbert group. This was in March. Captain Walkup was a consecrated man, was doing a great work, and his death will be deplored widely.

When the Rev. Dr. Robert Burdette took charge of the Temple Baptist Church, Ls Angeles, in July, 1903, it had 194 members. When he resigned last month on account of failing health and was made pastor emeritus, the church had 1,069 members, and a congregation often numbering 3,000. The father of a little girl who died while Dr. Burdette was pastor in Los Angeles told not long ago a story which has been summarized as follows: "His little

girl was dying. 'Bob' Burdette had started on a lecture tour along the coast and up north. The tour was to last several weeks and ordinarily was worth several thousands of dollars to him. The child was a member of the Burdette Sunday-school and a constant attendant at his church. Her plea was simply, 'I want Mr. Burdette to talk to me before I die.' 'Bob' Burdette cancelled his entire list of engagements and returned at once to Los Angeles, and the youngster passed away with the trace of happiness on her face at the cheerful words that came from his heavy heart."

Plymouth Church, Oakland, of which the Rev. Albert W. Palmer is pastor, sends out an attractive little "folder" —"An Invitation to Church." It addresses itself to two classes of people in the following manner: "**First,** Those who have recently moved into this neighborhood. There are many of you. We want you to know about Plymouth Church and its Sunday-school. **Second,** Those who seldom go to church or who are prejudiced against the church. We want you to investigate Plymouth Church. We are trying to present a sane, practical, spiritual message, which shall inspire men in their daily lives and help to make a better world. This message is as old as Jesus; we are trying to speak it in the language to to-day." This is followed by a brief statement in twelve paragraphs of what the Church in its various departments is endeavoring to do. Then comes these personal questions: "Do you approve of this kind of a church? Is it worth anything to this part of Oakland to have such a church vigorously at work? Is there any way in which you could help?" The following sermon topics which we select from the September list indicate the feasts to which the people of that part of Oakland in which Plymouth is situate are invited Sunday mornings and evenings: The Loyalties of a Man's Life, Obeying Our Visions, The Things Worth While, The Secret of Rest, Getting Along With Other People, Teachings of Jesus Concerning the Industrial Order, Teachings of Jesus Concerning the Rich, Teachings of Jesus Concerning the Family, Life—a Discord or a Harmony, The Secret of Rest.

Professor George Adam Smith of Glasgow, Scotland, spoke last Monday at a union meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on the "Relation of Higher Criticism to the Religious Life." After making it evident that there was no reactionary movement in Old Testament criticism, Dr. Smith put and answered the question, "What amount of indemnity have we to pay for the victory of Higher Criticism?" Speaking of the religious value of criticism he said that he was never sure of his ground on the old views, that it was not possible for him to base an apologetic on the traditional views, but that belief was strengthened and deepened along the lines of Higher Criticism. In this way he said he had been brought to feel as never before that Jesus Christ was his Lord and Savior, that God had spoken through the prophets in preparation for the dispensation inaugurated in Christ, who was very God of very God. The serious mistake of making Higher Criticism an end in itself was dwelt on. Some critics do this, and their attitude was explained as due to their philosophical presuppositions, and not to being higher critics. The objection to the commentaries of some of the critics, it was said, lies in the fact that there is no religious message in them. They stop short of that to which they should attain and lead, and are accordingly of no spiritual value, and of small value in any way. Dr. Smith's counsel to preachers was that they should not let their sermons smell of Higher Criticism as the badly washed child smelled of soap. The preacher must preach the gospel of the Living God, just as satisfying today as ever it was. Unless he has the gospel, Criticism has not done the good for him which it can do.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

According to the New York Post the deposits in savings banks in the East are increasing so rapidly that officials are at a loss how to reinvest the funds placed in their care so as to pay depositors the four per cent interest they have been allowing heretofore.

The 100th anniversary of the incorporation of the city of St. Louis is to be celebrated the first week in October. Sunday morning, October 3rd, the church bells will ring at sunrise, and on that day commemorative services will be held in the 444 churches of the city. Tablets will be placed in many of the down town sections to mark the sites of the churches of early days. The Roman Catholics have 73 churches in St. Louis; the Presbyterians 42, Episcopalians 29, Congregationalists 21, Methodist Episcopal 26, Methodist South 20, Evangelical Lutheran 22, the Jews 13, Protestant Episcopal 29.

The Central Christian Advocate says that the attendance of young Methodists at the Epworth League convention in Seattle was "lamentably small," and questions the wisdom of holding such conventions in the corners of the continent. The Advocate is of opinion that the purpose of such conventions is more and other than to show off the scenic wonders of the country to the few who can go so far. Nevertheless the Advocate's testimony is that the convention at Seattle was a great one "It was the concensus of opinion that in many ways the convention at Seattle was never excelled. There were dramatic climaxes, psychological moments, marvelous bursts of enthusiasm, and wonderful and inspiring appeals to the Epworth Leaguers to meet the civic, moral, intellectual and spiritual problems and opportunities of the twentieth century, that will make for the upbuilding and deeper consecration and practical effectiveness of the League throughout the church."

Professor Mathews of the department of sociology and anthropology of the University of Chicago was in line with the trend of the times when he said recently "As people travel and become better acquainted with conditions as they exist, the prejudice against the races will gradually disappear and intermarriage will be common. The prejudice of the future then will not be bound up with the tint of the skin, but with the degree of intellectual development and occupation. In recent years a number of marriages have been recorded between the Japanese and the Americans. I see no reason why this should not go on and I do not believe the result would be harmful to our standard of life. The Japanese have shown themselves to be our equals in many ways and a little mixture of their blood into our countrymen would be a good idea." Professor Mathews is not so extreme, however, as to regard with approval the talked-of cross between the white and the black. It is scarcely to be supposed that these will ever intermarry to any great extent. But marriage to a cultured and refined Asiatic the students of anthropology view in a different light.

DANGEROUS CONSERVATISM.

People of all denominations have listened with pleasure and profit to the lectures by Professor George Adam Smith of Scotland, on the Earle foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary.

It seems however that some self-constituted guardians of the faith in Los Angeles felt it incumbent on them to stamp him as a heretic on the occasion of his visit in that city just before coming to Berkeley.

According to Los Angeles papers arrangements had been made by the Church Federation for a union meeting in Immanuel Presbyterian Church, to be addressed by Dr. Smith. It is said that the church had been tendered for that purpose and had been accepted by the Federation. In the meantime some of the church officials heard that Dr. Smith had been called heretical. The matter was discussed and the permission to use the church was withdrawn.

We regard this as dangerous conservatism. Churches that take a stand against such devout and scholarly men as Professor George Adam Smith cannot retain in this day and age of the world the respect and confidence of thinking people. In this age of publicity young and old get the doctrinal positions of these scholars in various ways, and the wonder is that churches ignorantly think they can prevent it by closing their doors to them.

But it is gratifying to think that the great body of Presbyterians in this and other countries will not align themselves with the Los Angeles contingent.

Two weeks ago The Interior, perhaps the leading Presbyterian paper in the United States, said concerning Dr. Smith:

"The election of Professor George Adam Smith to be principal of the University of Aberdeen will greatly interest Bible students upon this side of the Atlantic, many of whom have listened to him with pleasure and more of whom have read him with delight. Dr. Smith commenced his distinguished career in this same university city. At first he taught Hebrew in the Free Church College as a substitute for Professor Robertson Smith, and afterward he became minister of the new West End church, called the Queen's Cross church. He rapidly made a place for himself as a preacher of eloquence, and as a pastor he was greatly beloved. But his chief distinction has always been in his scholarship, for he has made the Bible text and Bible lands a lifelong study. Since 1892 he has been professor of Old Testament language and literature in the United Free theological school at Glasgow. His academic tastes, his oratorical power and his charming personality all fit him for the honor which has been paid him in his old home, while he was still fulfilling engagements with the summer schools in America."

The Presbyterian ministers of San Francisco and vicinity invited Dr. Smith to speak to them Thursday afternoon of this week in Calvary Church, San Francisco.

Last week the California Christian Advocate, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, remarked: "This renowned scholar and delightful personality has made a remarkably strong impression upon the educational forces of the state. President McLean has again placed the community under special obligations!"

WHY DR. DOREMUS SCUDDER DECLINED AN AMERICAN BOARD SECRETARYSHIP.

The announmcement by the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder of his decision to remain in Honolulu and to decline the call from the American Board to take a district secretaryship with headquarters in New York was received with great rejoicing throughout Hawaii.

The call was an enticing one, and we have read with much interest the reasons why it was declined. We quote from Dr. Scudder's statement to his church, the Central Union of Honolulu:

"Every man faces opened doors, which lure him to enter the gardens into which they lead. The door which opened before your minister on July 6 disclosed a very enticing panorama. I would not dare to read you the letters written by President Capen and Secretaries Barton, Patton and Strong. Briefly the middle district of the American Board's home territory comprises Connecticut, the state which next to Massachusetts does most for our foreign missions, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, the District of Columbia and some Southern communities. The board desires that its interests in this district be entirely reorganized. At present the mainland is witnessing an unprecedented revival of missionary fervor, comparable only to the mighty temperance wave. It is characterized by an entirely new manifestation called the laymen's missionary movement which is beginning to affect all denominations. Under its influence the Southern Presbyterians have gained thirty per cent in two years for their missions. Last year Toronto in Canada gave $40,000 for missions outside its own borders, by July 7 of this year already $400,000 were in sight. This work among the men of our Congregational churches in the United States is as yet in its infancy. Some one is wanted to nurture it into vigorous life.

"Furthermore, New York is fast becoming the great missionary center of the American Continent. Our board desires a representative on hand for consultation with the leaders of the other great societies which focus there. Moreover, the city of Washington is in this district and the board's relations with the general government are close. Besides this our missionaries are constantly reaching and leaving New York and a kindly loving service of sympathetic welcome and farewell is demanded.

"In opening this door the American Board urged with great power the fact that years ago your minister enlisted with it for life and that now it needs him for this definite work. It added other considerations of a private nature. The letters conveying this call were so skillfully assembled in two cumulative columns of persuasion that the question has had to be gone over twice. It is needless to say that Mrs. Scudder and I have been very deeply moved by the presentation of the many motives urged.

"Permit me now to express to you all our profound gratitude for the help which your prayers and words have been to us in reaching a decision. We have given patient, thoughtful, prayerful study to all sides of the question proposed by the invitation and have twice reached the conclusion that it is our duty to decline it and for the present at least to remain here.

"In arriving at this decision it has been borne upon us

that we came to Honolulu to renew active connection with the mission in Japan which was our first missionary field. While no longer in direct Japanese work occasions for the use of that language for Kingdom purposes are frequent. Opportunities for forwarding the American Board's work are so numerous as to constitute this pastorate a missionary enterprise. Hawaii is the center of the great Pacific problem of the future and the hope of being able in a small way to help on that mightiest of all interracial movements, the closer binding together of Asia and America, is strong. Initmate connection with the Friend and the Mid-Pacific Institute offers a modus operandi in this direction. For it is my conviction that in the Mid-Pacific Institute, if rightly developed, Hawaii has an instrument unsurpassed by any other in this world for effecting intercontinental friendship. Connections with community work also through the organizations have been established here and should not be lightly severed.

"But these considerations, though very strong, might and would have been waived if it had not been for the vision of the door opened I believe by God before Central Union church. * * * All through the past few weeks I have heard the voice of the Master, whose you and I are and whom we serve, exclaiming, 'No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.'

"The time has come now for me to tell out my vision.

"The world waits for the coming great free Union church, where men of all denominations and none, men of all sorts of doctrinal creeds and none, may worship God as brothers and co-operate as fellow servants under the leadership of the Master Man Jesus Christ. I know of no place where the first example of such a church is so possible today as Honolulu. Here we are off by ourselves in the midst of the great free ocean of the future. Here all races meet more nearly on an equality than anywhere else on the globe. Here no trammels bind us to a dead past, yet here we all glory in the vital heritage from the ever living past. Furthermore, in the membership of this church, we have Roman Catholics and representatives of all branches of the Protestant church, as well as those whose immediate forbears were devotees of the hoary religions of Asia. No less than twenty-six nationalities representing all the great racial stocks of mankind meet in this church and commune together."

Speaking next of the spirit with which the Central Union Church should face its opportunities Dr. Scudder continued:

"Fnally the ideal demands that we in Honolulu realize our manifest destiny as the missionary center of the Pacific world. Here is the culminating privilege of Central Union Church. Without it we may become rich, bulky, exclusive and fashionable but half dead like poor Loadicea. Thank God we are well on the way to our goal. Already the gifts, sympathy, prayers of Central Union honeycomb these islands. You are doing nobly for Hawaii; you can do more of course. But there is something grander than this. For you can lead the present missionary advance in the world. I say it advisedly. If our great missionary families, those abundantly able to do so, should each establish a memorial foundation say of the value of $25,000 to support a missionary family in connection with the American Board and do this during the coming centennial year of American missions, the blow thus struck would reverberate round the world. Relate these foundations to this Church so as to tie the missionaries supported by them to our personal love and prayer, then follow this up by a generous participation of all the rest of us in standing by this great cause, and Central Union would come into its own legitimate heritage in missionary leadership. It is a fascinating picture but it is soberly realizable.

"This in swift outline is the vision of the garden of possibility which the door that God has opened before this church discloses. It is regrettable that in our local habitat we are so restricted and so tortured by noise. An entire city square might well be ours, with an emparked meeting house, appropriate to this paradise island. If we are worthy of it even this may come.

"But dreams for real men are hovering Ariels singing the way through hard, painful, toilsome work. A vision, if it mean anything, cries 'off coat, up sleeves, at task.' Is that to be the story of this vision? God grant it! Christ lead us! Spirit Divine inspire us!"

SOME CAUSES OF MODERN DOUBT.

By George R. Wallace, D.D., Toledo, O.

John iii: 9-10: "Nicodemus said unto him, How can these things be? Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?"

In this ancient incident from the life of Nicodemus, we have pictured a condition often reproduced to-day, of scholarship perplexed by the confronting spiritual facts of life, while failing to grasp the palpable facts presented by the Master Teacher of the ages. Two facts mark the present period of religious thought, scholarship and doubt. Some have named this the age of doubt; it is unquestionably also the age of scholarship.

This year demands that we give consideration to the theme selected for this sermon. In the spring of this year the scholars of the world celebrated the centennial of Charles Darwin's birth. The scientific discoveries of this great student produced marked changes in the world's religious thought, and also created doubts that have, ever since, clouded the sky of many lives. August of this year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lord Tennyson, one of the world's most noted poets. No one who has been charmed by the thoughts of this great poet can forget that he lived contemporaneously with Darwin, and entered fully into the mental and religious struggle surrounding him; a struggle between question and despair that made even brave hearts quail on the edge of an abyss, in the depths of which was heard only "an ever breaking shore that tumbled in the Godless deep."

The age of doubt has not yet passed. Brilliant minds still debate the question, "Is religion a reality or an illusion?" Plutarch's tale of the despair overwhelming Palodes when Thamos announced, "Great Pan is dead," is remembered by some who fear the scene will be re-enacted world-wide; and Richter's picture of a universe without a God, becoming a fact, some fear will yet press from the trembling lips of millions the cry, "We are all orphans; the Great Father is dead!" Doubters take us to Rome and Athens, and pointing to the ruined temples of paganism remind us that

Olympus has become depopulated of gods. They point amid the sands of Egyps to ruined altars, and remind us that religions have faded into myths and myths into oblivion, and they ask, Will any faith survive?

No tragedy is so sad as the loss of religious faith, because this includes and intensifies all other tragedies. Life without faith is a broken string in the harp of the universe, its music mute. Who can describe the agony of a soul sinking from faith? Victor Hugo, in his masterpiece, pictures a man fallen overboard from a ship and left mid-ocean to perish. Sinking, he cries for help. His head is merely a speck amid the vast billows. All beneath him flees at his touch, all above is beyond his reach. He agonizes between two infinities. In horror he sinks to the depths. Hugo says, "The soul going down may become a corpse. Who will resuscitate it?" How insignificant the loss of physical life in the immensity of ocean's loneliness, compared with a soul in the sea of the infinite sinking from all that once sustained its faith and hope.

Many have lost their faith. Matthew Arnold was one of these unfortunates. With melancholy voice he sang,

"When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer!
When the soul mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
Save, oh, save!"

Looking at the stars as they marshaled themselves in the heavens, this cultured Briton asked them if they, too, had ceased being radiant, intelligent sons of heaven, and become melancholy lives that had survived themselves, and consequently were now unwilling lingerers in the heavenly wilderness.

Some have taught that the effort to grasp the meaning of life's profound realities is futile. Heine twits all such. He pictures a youth standing by the sea, his breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings, with gloomy lips asking,

"Answer me life's hidden riddle;
Tell me what signifies man?
From whence doth he come? and whither doth he go?
Who dwelleth among the golden stars yonder?"

Cynically and sadly he answers,

"The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
The stars are twinkling, all listless and cold,
And a fool is awaiting his answer."

Caustic! Then we are all fools, for we all ask these questions. Omar Khayyam sent his soul through the universe seeking answer to these questions, and not immediately finding it wrote the most pessimistic poem in all literature. Others with sturdier minds and manlier souls did like Tennyson, who fought his doubts and gathered strength, who faced the spectres of his mind and laid them, coming at length to find a stronger faith his own.

What are some of the chief reasons for the modern eclipse of faith? One lies in the seeming triviality of human life, in comparison with the infinite universe and the eternal ages. Emerson says, "If a man would be alone let him look at the stars;" he might have said if one wishes to feel his insignificance in the universe let him gaze upon the midnight sky, while Herschel points to the Milky Way and describes the 500 suns that stretch out one beyond another in that vast highway of celestial glory, or describes the velocity of light which has taken fifty years to reach earth from the Pole Star. Such an experience makes one feel what Frederick Harrison meant when he wrote of "the infinitesimally trivial position of man in the universe." Coleridge tells of a man who sailed "all alone on the wide sea; so lonely, 'twas that God himself scarce seemed there to be." No tongue can portray the loneliness of one who feels the infinitude surrounding life.

In the presence of the infinite and the eternal how puerile seems life with its ambitions and experiences. In such presence how shriveled become our ambitions, philosophies, arts, sciences, literature, even our religion, especially if we believe that

"We all of us end but in being our own corpse coffins at last,
Swallowed in a Vastness, lost in silence, drown'd in the
deeps of a meaningless Past."

How insignificant, in such presence, are our agonizing sorrows! Prometheus may be bound to a rock; what does the universe care? Our loved one may die; what is the death of a loved one in a world where "many a heart sighs after a vanished face"? or in a universe where "many a planet may roll with the dust of a vanished race." Truly men and their experiences appear but "a trouble of ants amid the gleam of a million million suns."

Against facts so appalling, overwhelming and pessimistic, something in the soul of humanity rises in splendid rebellion and sublime refutation. Tennyson, in his poem, "Vastness," with masterful genius, portrays these tremendous facts, and then revolts from their dread destruction of hope. Thinking of his dead friend the poet cries, "Peace, for I loved him and love him forever. The dead are not dead but alive." Poe, the most pessimistic of all American poets, exhibits the same impatience with the philosophy of hopelessness. Remembering his lost friend he asks if in some distant Aidenn the lost one may be found again; receiving the answer, "Nevermore," even his dark soul revolted, and he ordered the messenger of despair "with the lie its soul had spoken back to the night's Plutonian shore." To every statement of "nevermore" the heart of man involuntarily and persistently cries, "evermore." With Tennyson, undaunted men proclaim, "Though the giant ages heave the hill and break the shore; though world on world in myriad myriads roll, what know we greater than the soul?"

Another cause of lost faith lies in the apparent absence of justice in the affairs of life, and the seeming indifference of God and nature to humanity's sad experiences. Strauss likens the universe to an enormous machine amid the whirl and hiss of which man, a helpless creature, finds himself placed, liable any moment to be rent asunder or crushed to powder. The sense of abandonment in such a position he declares something awful. John Stuart Mill tells how nature tortures and destroys men "with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and the noblest indifferently with the meanest and the worst." In "The Cup," Tennyson gives one of the most fearful portrayals of the cruel side of nature ever penned by man. History supports the indictment of injustice and indifference. Injustice calls aloud, while lies are triumphant, and blatant mediocrity crowds out faithful worth. Truth-loving ones find a cross,

and evil-doers are hailed with trumpets. Avarice is opulent, and at times wealth revels "with wine and wedded harlots, while honesty is bare to the bone." The effect of these things Tennyson gives piteous illustration of in his poem, "Despair." A man and his wife had lost their two daughters by death, their only son had become a criminal, and the delicate wife was suffering so that only a surgeon's knife could relieve her. Christ had become to them but a mere man, "only a cloud who was once a pillar of fire," and his teachings "the guess of a worm inthe dust and the shadow of its desire." Robbed of faith, believing themselves "poor orphans of nothing" born of unthinking nature, believing themselves soulless and without hope of immortality, these two agonized ones, "frightened at life not death," walked hand in hand into the sea, seeking an end of life's sufferings. Overhead the suns of the limitless universe flashed, but the Great Companion to them was dead. Wading in the rolling billows they took a final embrace, saying, "Dear love, for ever and ever farewell." No wonder the poet says of that parting:

"Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began;
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man."

How strange is the constitution of human life which, notwithstanding all the facts against it, still makes its faith bud and blossom upon the graves of all its dead hopes. In the "Idyls of the King" Tennyson presents a noble and heroic attempt to build a civilization, founded upon right and love. When the sublime experiment has failed, and the noble king, broken-hearted and desolate, awaits the hour of action and death, he is overheard soliloquizing:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I found Him not.
For I, being simple, thought to do His will, in vain:
All whereon I leaned in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God hast Thou forgotten me?"

Yet the poet represents him, before he passes, saying,
"The whole round world is everyway
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

And the same poet, after looking the world's doubt in the face, sings forth his faith that at last, far off, good shall be the final goal of ill. Lowell sang the same triumphant strain when seeing right forever on the scaffold and wrong forever on the throne, he said the scaffold sways the future; and behind the great unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch upon His own.

Lack of ability to understand the problems of life and religion to any satisfactory degree, causes some to lose faith. The poet whose poems we have used so freely to illustrate the truths presented in this sermon, once plucked a flower from the crannied wall, and realizing his limitations of knowledge concerning even so small a thing said:

"Little flower—if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

To-day we boast our advance in scientific knowledge. In a recent work a great scientific writer says that a scientist, if a chemist, busies himself with molecules, atoms and ions; he further tells us that no one has ever detected by any bodily sense a single melocule, still less an atom, and far less an ion, which is a hundred thousand times smaller than an atom. He says that in the realm of pure physics we hear about little else than ether, "that wonderful something which not even the most vivid imagination can connect with bodily sense." If in the realm of the co-called exact sciences we use facts so wrapped in mystery, and out seem fables. So it is with religion. In "The Holy Grill" who but a stupid child in the realm of thought will demand full explanation at present of all mysteries in the higher realm of the soul?

Most doubters have lost their faith through theorizing about religion, instead of living it and experiencing its thrillingly satisfying truth, which sweeps from the mind all doubt and causes the soul to cry in glad acclaim, "I have felt!" Experience is the chief pathway through which God's richest blessings come to men. All nature's gifts come to those who experiment with them. The one who mines the mountain secures the gold. The one who uses electricity discovers its wondrous force and usefulness. To the savage the tale of nature's wonders along these lines seem fables. So it is with religion. In "The Holy Grail" we learn that some of Arthur's knights visited the monk's refectory. While there they spoke of this vision sadly and in low voice, but the monks could not understand the tale. One monk asked, "What is it; a phantom?" Such was the conception of the unexperienced. Some who have not experienced what religion means think it simply the illusionary refuge of the impotent, the dejected, the defeated and the disappointed ones of earth, who, failing to secure anything worth while out of life here, hope for compensation in a life beyond. The monk in the abbey asked Percivale, "Was it earthly passion crost that drove you to a religious life?" And Percivale answered, "Nay; but the sweet vision of the Holy Grill." When men have once sought and received the touch of God's spirit upon the life, arguments avail little, and are needed less. When dull, honest, simple-minded Bors sought and saw the vision of the Holy Grail he returned to the Round Table. Arthur seeing him again seated there said,

"Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and true,
Could see it, then thou hast seen the Grail."

And Bors answered, "Ask me not, for I may not speak of it: I saw it!". . . the poet adds "and the tears were in his eyes."

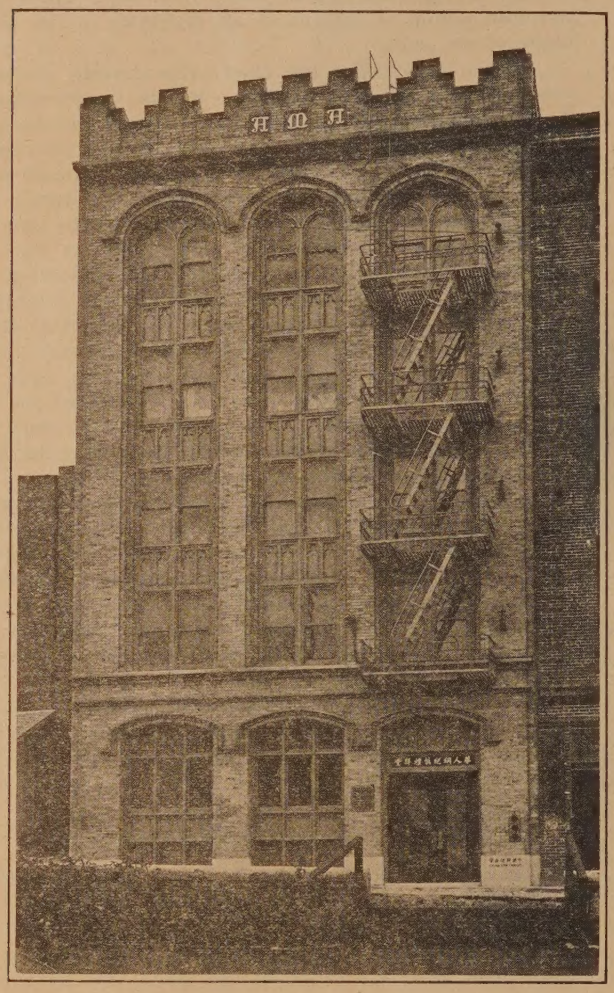
Lord Tennyson, when an old man, after treading the mazes and philosophies of human doubt for years, was walking with a friend through a beautiful English meadow. As they walked the friend asked, "What is Jesus Christ to you?" Continuing for a time in silence, the great poet suddenly stooped, and plucking a flower held it forth, then pointing to the sun he said, "All that the sun is to that flower!" He had found the only One who could ever say, "I am the truth." Happy are they who, like Tennyson, after battling doubt can rest in that One, and cry triumphantly as the poet did,

"Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!
Infinite Ideality!
Imeasurable Reality!
Infinito Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!"

CENTRAL CHINESE MISSION HOUSE.

Francis W. Reid.

This building dedicated last June will always stand as a monument of the labors and financial ability of the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond. When it was desired to replace the old building, destroyed by earthquake and fire, it was dissovered that it would be impossible to borrow as usual upon the real estate owned by the California Oriental Missions, while the same conditions of financial stringency made it impossible that any large gifts could be secured. Early in



the campaign for funds, Mr. Andrew Carnegie was approached and promised $10,000 toward the last bills of a $20,000 building. Later other gifts were secured from friends in the East. The Church Building Society gave $2500, and the American Missionary Society loaned $8,000 in order to start the work upon the building and permit the realizing of the sums above mentioned. The First National Bank of Berkeley accepted all promises and pledges as good collateral, and in this way Dr. Pond was enabled to complete the building. From the beginning his faith never wavered, and although there has never been more than $5000 in cash ahead, the work was successfully carried forward. The insurance money and A. M. A. loan and a gift from the Woman's Missionary Association enabled a contract to be entered into for the walls and rough carpenter work, and the rest of the work was done on nerve and faith, using what was done as a lever to secure the remainder.

This necessitated some delay at the beginning and in the progress of the work. There was a further delay while waiting for the enactment of a tenement ordinance that would permit the erection of such a building as was desired; and finally in despair of securing one, the plans were changed and a lodging house erected instead of an apartment house as contemplated. The lot was only thirty-five feet wide and seventy feet deep, and when walls and light shafts and starways and corridors required provided for, it would leave little remaining space for the tenants. As it was, it required planning as intricate as a Chinese puzzle to get everything required included, and at the same time keep down the cost. I estimated the cost of the building to be $28,000, and its cost with the furnishings, not including organ, was about $1000 more than this.

The former building was dark, being lighted mainly from front and back. The new building is filled with light and sunshine in every part. The basement was made high enough to permit windows above the sidewalk, and these when filled with prism glass give ample light for the school room and gymnasium and shower rooms, and other conveniences. The main floor has a gallery at front and one side, and these are lighted from the front and by a large skylight at the bottom of the central light court. This court permits every room as well as the auditorium to have sunshine once a day, and by reflection from windows of opposite rooms, the inside rooms have sunshine twice a day.

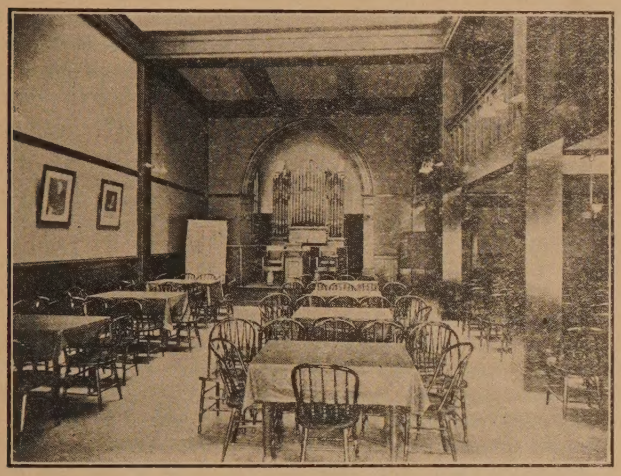
The main floor has a room at the front with beam ceilings, seats, and large fireplace and book cases to be used as a general reception and reading room. A similar room above is reserved as library, office and pastor's study and is to be known as the "Perkins Room," this being furnished in memory of the late Rev. F. B. Perkins by his wife and daughters.

The auditorium with these rooms and the gallery will accommodate nearly five hundred people. The ventilation and acoustics are perfect. There is a large space for pulpit, an alcove for an organ, and ample vestibule and exit upon both front and back starways. The auditorium floor is only seven steps higher than the street, so that there is no danger from fire or panic.

The rooms on the three upper floors are single and **en suite** and arranged to be used in either way. All are heated by gas, and lighted by gas and electricity. The best sanitary appliances have been installed for bath rooms, toilets and kitchen, and every care taken to make everything cleanly, convenient substantial, and easily cared for and kept in order. There are twenty-seven rooms in all. The roof is fitted so as to serve as a roof garden. The walls are carried higher than surrounding buildings so as to give protection from fire and observation and thieves.

The building has been made as nearly as possible fire and earthquake proof. The wood in the interior has been made of slow burning construction, and the brick walls are extra heavy and laid up with cement with plenty of iron anchors and bond irons, and supporting steel columns and lintels. The face bricks are light gray in color and very hard. The bases shown are of granite.

Gothic detail was adopted for the exterior, as being simple in character and appropriate for a building devoted to religious and school work, and being least expensive. Lack of means prevented us having everything just as we would have desired on the exterior and interior, but it has been completed within our financial resources, and competent judges declare it the best constructed building in this section of San Francisco, and that its value is quite $35,000. The building faces the east overlooking the famous Portsmouth Square and the San Francisco Bay with its hills beyond, and its outlook can never be obstructed. It is the intention eventually to use this building for work with young men only, and another building will be erected



for Christian Chinese families instead of domiciling them here as at present.

The gymnasium, shower baths, reading rooms, and general equipment is such that a work can be carried on among the Chinese similar to that done by the Young Men's Christian association. It is also planned that the building shall serve as a training school for Chinese missionaries to China. The whole intention of the enterprise is denoted by the inscription on its corner stone in Chinese and English, "China for Christ."

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for Sept. 12 — Temperance in all things. I Corinthians 9: 23-27.

It is a dangerous policy in life to "Become all things to all men" unless there is a motive as clearly defined as Paul had, governing the policy. With the ordinary selfish motive that moves most persons to "Become all things to all men" we become sycophants and hypocrites, neither of which Paul could become. "That I may by all means save some" was the great object which prevented Paul from getting down to the level of those who were morally lower than himself.

Men are known in this world by the partnerships they make and the business they undertake. These are the criteria of the work they engage in, and the manner in which they do it. Those who "do all things for the gospel's sake" have become co-partners with God for the greatest work in the world. They join a noble array of names, which form galaxy's of sparkling brilliancy in earth's history. Self-denial is the opposite pole of self-control. The history of our own country as well as foreign lands gives ample testimony to the efficacy of lives who have ben self-denying, and self-sacrificing for the sake of the gospel, and in every case their work has been blessed to humanity. Get into partnership with this firm at as early an age as possible. To be co-laborer with God is to be doing something which eternity will tell of.

It is a magnificent honor to win the prize in a race like that of the Marathon which has been revived among us this year, for it practically means that the winner leads the world in this particular sport. But it should not be overlooked that any one who enters the race is entitled to that much credit, for the very entering signifies power far beyond the average. No one would think of entering such a trial of endurance and speed unless he had tried himself out, and thought he had a fair chance of winning. It is a good thing for us to realize that the Christian race is equally a test of our endurance, and determination, and enter ourselves after sober thought of what we are to contend against, as well as strive for. God calls everyone to enter the lists, but He wants us to do so seriously.

It is unnecessary to call the attention of the average young person to the self-control necessary in the case of those who "strive in the games." Every college, high and even grammar school has votaries of baseball, football, rowing, who will control their diet, their hours for training, their nights for sleeping, and for what? A little earthly glory, a name among the athletes! How do we measure up in these days in our self-control for the "Incorruptible crown," the "Glory that fadeth not away." In Paul's day it was considered a glorious thing to suffer as a Christian; how it is in these times? Yet it ever remains true, that only the greatest self-control enables us to win the highest prize.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Bay Association will meet in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, on Tuesday, September the 14th, in afternoon and evening sessions.

The Rev. Edgar Fuller, the Bakersfield pastor, and able stand-by for several years in the larger work in Kern county, is taking a vacation in the San Francisco bay region.

The San Francisco Association will meet in the Green Street Church on Thursday, September the 16th. Among the speakers on that occasion will be Bishop Fallows of Chicago.

The First Congregational Church inaugurated recently a campaign for 100 new members for the Christian Endeavor Society before January next. Thirty have been added already.

Dr. George Adam Smith spoke in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday morning, and in the First of Oakland in the evening, giving sermons which made a deep impression.

The "Evening of Story and Song" by Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, last week was a delightful affair. It was an entertainment widely termed worth while. Mrs. Brooks recited and sang in a charming manner.

Next Monday the address before the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. Clifford Snowden of Chicago, now supplying the church at Palo Alto. The following Monday Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary will speak.

At a recent meeting of Plymouth Church, San Francisco, a committee of ten persons, none of them officers of the church, was appointed to consider the problems relating to its future work and location and to report its findings to the whole church within a month.

There were some unique features in the semi-annual missionary barrel opening in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, last Friday evening. It was coupled with a dinner which was attended by a large number of people, and after-dinner talks on missionary topics were made by several persons. The Pilgrim people had the pleasure of having with them on that occasion their former pastor and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks, who returned Monday of this week to their work at Walla Walla. For seventeen years these missionary barrel openings have been a pleasant and profitable feature in the plans and work of Pilgrim Church. Conducted as they have been and are by devoted women they have added to the missionary interest and zeal of the whole church, and no one can attend such a meeting as that of last Friday night and fail to wonder why the method is not more general among our churches. We believe that Pilgrim Church gets more missionary money in this way than she would get otherwise, and gets it in a more pleasing manner to all concerned.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Oleander.—The Rev. R. B. Dunlap has resigned after a successful work of a year and a half. During Mr. Dunlap's pactorate a church was established at Bowles and work carried on there by him as well as at Oleander.

Fresno.—The Rev. H. K. Santikian has resigned as pastor of the Arminian Church which he has successfully led for some time. The membership is about 120, and there is a Sunday-school with an average attendance of 120. A lot worth $4,000 has been secured on which a building will be erected as soon as funds can be had.

Berkeley, First.—The Bible School Committee has arranged a series of half hour lectures to be given immediately after the morning service. The lectures will deal with the newer movements in scientific and religious thought, and in religious work. The first series will be by Prof. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary on "The Newer Congregationalism." Next Sunday he will speak on "Principles of Church Life."

Oakland, Second.—Next Sunday evening Mr. James Andrew, a contract painter and union labor man, will speak on the question, "Why Are so Many Laboring Men Outside of the Church?" The following Sunday evening Mr. James Osborne, a blind man who comes from the labor ranks and is now a lecturer, will tell how the Church and the laboring man outside can become of greater mutual helpfulness. Should there be time after there addresses questions will be allowed from the audience.

Niles.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Niles was held last Wednesday evening, Aug. 25th. Just preceding the meeting the annual dinner was served by the Ladies' Guild, over 100 being present. The meeting was well attended, a very harmonious one and full of encouragement. The church was shown to be in a prosperous condition, the reports of the various officers and auxiliary societies showing that all obligations for the year had been promptly met. The membership has been materially increased during the year and the prospects very bright for the coming year. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, Rev. F. Vernon Jones, not only an able preacher but particularly popular with the members, whose confidence, esteem and affection he enjoys to the fullest measure. The election of officers was as follows: Trustees —J. C. Shinn, E. A. Ellsworth, G. F. Sullivan, Chas. Evans and W. H. Ford; Deacons—E. A. Ellsworth, Wm. Catterlin; Treasurer—E. A. Ellsworth; Clerk—E. B. Kientz. During the coming year the church hopes to make material progress toward the building of a new church on its lots on H and 3rd Sts.

Campbell.—Our Christian Endeavor Society has taken on new life lately. The meetings are full of snap and go, not a slow pause in them. The young people have determined to show that this is not a spurt, but a steady, continuous gait. An event of great interest to the community was the reception at the church in honor of one of our most faithful members, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday. Mrs. Poor has for years been a member of this church, and even now at eighty is as regular in her attendance at all—C. E. included—the church services as the pastor. The whole community turned out and the church parlors were filled. The pastor and his family take their vacation during September. The services will be continued without interruption. While he is gone it is planned to thoroughly renovate the interior of the church. Things are encouraging for an earnest fall work in all lines. Our prayer meetings have more than doubled in attendance since the new plan was started. The Searchlights, Mr. Atkinson's Sunday-school class, has raised $85.35 for missions since the first of the year.

WASHINGTON.

American Missionary Association.—Rev. Geo. W. Hinman has been appointed District Secretary for the Northwest and has opened his headquarters in the Johnston Building, Seattle, in the rooms occupied by the Home Missionary Superintendent and Sunday-school Superintendent.

C. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave, Seattle.

Hope, Idaho.—Since Rev. M. H. Babcock came to the pastorate all departments have shown great activity, the Sunday-school under the direction of Mr. J. G. Buckley maintains a good attendance through the summer, the Ladies' Aid is doing well and interest is taken in the benevolences and generous offerings are made to each in their turn. Fourteen have united with the church since the middle of April.

Tacoma, Pilgrim.—On Easter Sunday, 1908, a Sabbath-school was started in a tent in a rapidly growing part of

Tacoma; in a few weeks it was evident that there was a field for a church. Less than a year ago lots were purchased and a temporary structure erected and an organization effected. Rev. Edgar C. Wheeler, son of Mr. W. C. Wheeler, prominent in Congregational affairs both in Tacoma and the state atlarge, has been called to the pastorate and will begin work Sept. 1st. Mr. Wheeler is a graduate of Beloit and of the Yale Divinity School and held pastorates at Hyannis and Rockland, Mass. It will be but a short time, probably less than a year, before a larger and more permanent building will be necessary to accommodate the growing church and Sunday-school. Mr. Wheeler has also been appointed Superintendent of the Tacoma Church Extension Society and will push the work very vigorously. Congregationalism holds a prominent place in Tacoma and doubtless this organized effort to expand will help to maintain its rank.

Seattle.—August has been a very busy month in some of the Seattle churches. The city has been full of strangers and attendance on the church services has been exceptional, moreover it has been the pleasure to meet those who have come to the many religious and philanthropic gatherings. Many leaders in these lines have occupied the pulpits of our churches and we shall long feel the uplift and help of their messages. Perhaps the most noteworthy gathering of the month was the National Prison Congress. Judge Ben Lindsey and Hon. Adam Dixon Warner occupied Plymouth's pulpit, Dr. Chas. R. Henderson of the University of Chicago preached at Pilgrim's, and others carried their messages to many other churches. Several pastors, among them Dr. Sydney Strong, were inspired to preach concerning Christ's ways with the lost. Most of our churches have remained open, some being served by their own pastors except as visitors have given their special messages. One Sunday Rev. Henry L. Bates and Rev. W. H. G. Temple, both former pastors at Plymouth, preacher. Rev. H. E. Peabody, pastor of the Windsor Avenue Church, Hartford, Conn., a classmate of Dr. Smith's at Yale, preached at Pilgrim one Sunday during this his first visit to the coast. We again welcome with us also Dr. Waterman from Illinois. Dr. Waterman preached at the Green Lake Church on the 22nd. Neighborhood gatherings have been continued at Kinnear Park under Dr. Strong's guidance, and this has been the inspiration for the pastor of the First Christian Church to start one in Lincoln Park. A request by Rev. Wilfred Withington of the Keystone church to hold religious services in Woodland Park opened a discussion in the Park Board which led to the order that prayer and singing be prohibited in the neighborhood meetings and that no religion be introduced. This is a shame, as these parks are large enough to give people who do not care to be at a religious gathering plenty of room to avoid them. The evangelical campaign among the Japanese recently spoken of was held for twelve days in the Salvation Army hall with an average attendance of between 700 and 800. Professor Geo. Adam Smith, professor of Old Testament Language, Literature and Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, will lecture in Seattle for a week, beginning Sept. 7th, under the auspices of the Interdenominational Laymen's Movement. Dr. E. L. Smith had planned to have Prof. Smith lecture in Pilgrim Church but he saw the possibilities of a greater usefulness to the city if it could be made an undenominational affair and so interested the Brotherhoods in it. The British Weekly says that Prof. Smith will be the new principal of the University of Aberdeen. It will be a rare treat for Seattle to hear such an acknowledged authority on Old Testament matters. His subject will be the Religion of Israel in the Seventh Century B. C., with special reference to Jeremiah. The writer on a recent Sunday had the privilege of listening to Dr. E. L. Smith preach on "A Nation's Interpreter," a sermon on Jeremiah preparatory to Dr. G. A. Smith's course.

CARRIE A. BAIR.

Mrs. Carrie A. Bair, wife of Rev. W. R. Bair, died at the King's Daughters Home in Oakland, August 26th, after an illness extending through many years. Mrs. Bair came to California nearly eleven years ago with her husband, and it seemed then as if it was hardly possible that she would live to reach the Golden State. Mr. Bair was compelled to give up largely his chosen work, the ministry, in order to minister to his invalid wife. More than a year ago she suffered a general break-down which affected her mind to such an extent that she could not very well be cared for at home. So on the advice of physicians she was placed in the King's Daughter's Home, where she was cared for lovingly for almost thirteen months. Everything was done for her that could be done, and all the nurses and others in the Home came to love her dearly.

Mrs. Bair was born at Hamilton, Ohio, nearly 70 years ago, going as a child to Burlington, Iowa, where as a young lady at the beginning of the Civil War on a visit to a soldiers' camp she first met Mr. Bair to whom she was married three years later. For nearly 46 years they walked together in loving companionship. Two children were born to them, a daughter who died eleven years ago, and a son who survives her. Hers was a loving, lovely, Christ-like spirit, and only tender memories are left to those from whom she has for a time been separated. The body was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery on Saturday, Aug. 28, the Rev. L. L. Wirt paying beautiful tribute to her devoted life.

THE HOME

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
  Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
  Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
  Children, whose coming is like the breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
  Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do: they comfort and they bless
  In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
  To all sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 't were shame,
  This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's book they bear another name—
  "The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illume with luster splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

—Century.

ANNE WARNER'S CHURCH WORK.

A Story for Those Who Think Themselves Unappreciated.

Anne, tall and grim, went to the door in answer to a knock. It was Sunday morning, but she did not have on her usual attire for that day. She wore a clean gingham dress and a white apron. She opened the door and Cornelia Bryant smiled back at her. Cornelia was one of the young girls in the church and an unusual favorite. There was, however, no relenting in Anne's eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Anne," smiled Cornelia, a trifle anxiously. "Are you sick, or what is the matter? We've all been worrying about you. The last bell has rung and Mrs. Howard sent me over after the communion glasses. She said you had always brought them on time before, and she couldn't understand why you didn't come. Old Mrs. Perkins even suggested you had been murdered by burglars." But Anne did not smile.

Without answering, she went to her pantry and brought out a covered basket.

"You'll find what you want here," she said briefly, "and clean. But you can tell Mrs. Howard and anybody else, as far as I am concerned, that I've fetched and carried for that church as long as I'm goin' to.

"I've kept them individual communion glasses clean now for a matter of six years or more, and nobody has once said, 'I'll wash 'em for you next month.' I carried 'em in rain and snow and mud, and every other kind of weather, backward and forward, without a 'thank you' from any one. A church that'll ride a free horse to death, I have my opinion of.

"And that ain't all," went on Anne. "I've been talking about individual communion glasses so far, but I've noticed that if there's anything else that's hard and disagreeable to be done, they're pretty apt to let me know about it. Now what I've got to say is this: By the American Constitution, I am entitled, as far as I know, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and if you've got any dishes to wash, or any cakes to bake, or any church curtains to do up, why you'll have to settle on somebody else besides Anne Crosby Warner. That's all I got to say."

Cornelia looked distressed. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl, with smooth, round cheeks.

"Why, Miss Anne," she cried, "I'm sure no one ever thought of making a slave of you; if we have, it's just thoughtlessness. Of course you shan't wash the communion glasses any more, and I'll tell the ladies not to put any more tasks on you. I suppose they thought that, living alone as you do, you had more time, and some of us got it in our head that—you liked it. I'm sorry."

Anne did not reply, but she watched the slender, graceful figure go across the yard, with its covered basket. Just two blocks away was the church, and by going out the back way one could save nearly a block. Anne stood still a moment, then resolutely she closed the door.

"I guess that talk I gave Cornelia will open their eyes some," she thought, with an air of satisfaction.

On Monday morning Mrs. Deacon Emerson came over. Anne was washing. Her iron-gray hair was combed severely back. Her limp blue calico hung in straight folds. Mrs. Emerson looked at her. She was a pleasant little old lady, with kindly eyes.

"No, I'm not going to stay, Anne," she said. "You're washing.

"Cornelia told me what you said yesterday," she added with a queer look. "I'm real sorry you feel as you do, Anne, about the church work. My conscience hurts me considerably, too. I guess we have put more on you than we knew about. Those individual communion sets are dreadful hard to keep clean and I, for one, want to apologize right now, for lettin' you tend to 'em for so long."

Anne's face relaxed.

"You needn't apologize to me," she answered, a trifle grimly. "I've done what I have willingly enough, I s'pose, until lately. I got tired of not bein' appreciated, that's all."

Mrs. Emerson went over and took the hard, toilworn hand. "But we do appreciate and love you very much," she argued.

"It don't look like it," replied Anne in a choked voice.

Mrs. Emerson essayed not to notice the break in Anne's tone.

"You shall have a good rest now," she went on gently. "Well, I must go, you're busy, but I do wish you could have heard the minister's sermon yesterday. It seemed real lonesome without you."

"What was the text?" asked Anne, absently.

"I don't know as I can quote it, it was about the ark and how the family of Obed-edom was blessed by taking care of it.

"Well, good-by."

After Mrs. Emerson's departure, Anne left her boiler of clothes and went in the sitting-room to look up that passage about the ark. Sure enough there it was. "And the ark of the Lord remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months, and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his house." In the kitchen the boiler of clothes bubbled and boiled, but Anne did not stir. The first doubt of her wisdom in the fact of yesterday took possession of her.

"I wonder now if I ain't missed a blessin' in givin' up takin' care of them communion glasses," she whispered.

That afternoon, after her washing was done, she sat down in her clean calico dress. Her hair was not strained back quite so tightly, and she wore a white turnover. She looked less forbidding than she had in the morning. There was a knock at the door and Anne rose, ushering in the minister's little wife.

"Dear Miss Anne," she began anxiously, how very sorry I am about the way we have imposed upon you. We thought you liked to do it. It quite upset me when I heard how you felt about it. Now if you'll forgive us for our selfishness, we'll see that you have a good long rest."

"There's no call for you to be disturbed about it," said Anne, a little shamefacedly. She loved the minister's little wife, with her brood of small children, and she was plainly troubled about it. For the second time, she began to question the wisdom of what she had done.

After the minister's wife had gone, Mrs. Howard came in, portly, white-haired and rheumatic.

"Anne," she said, without any formalities, "I'm dreadfully sorry about the way you feel about your church work. Those individual communion glasses are a sight to keep clean, and I don't know as I blame you for rebellin.' You certainly have kept 'em beautiful, though."

"Who's going to do 'em next month?" asked Anne.

Mrs. Howard hesitated. "Mrs. Todd said she'd take 'em," she answered, finally.

"Mrs. Todd!" cried Anne. "Why, Marie Howard, you know as well as I do that she's a dreadful poor housekeeper and manager. She don't take pains with anything. Ten chances to one she'll either forget 'em or else not half do 'em."

"Well," answered Mrs. Howard, philosophically, "I couldn't promise, for I'm not to be depended on now for anything until this rheumatism gets better, and I wouldn't trust Ephraim with 'em. He's been washing my dishes now for over a month, and he's only broken two blue bowls, my big platter and four cups, and I hadn't the heart to ask the minister's wife, she's so overworked, and nobody else quite wanted to take the responsibility. You see, Anne, you've done that work so well for so long a time, we're afraid to undertake it lest we fall short."

"By the way, we've about decided we'd have a social Friday night."

Anne set her lips firmly. For years every church social had been graced by a white cake, the work of her hands. Anne's white cake had a reputation all its own.

"Are you?" she said. Mrs. Howard rose.

"Now, Anne," she admonished cheerfully, "don't you go to nursin' grievances. I feel you have done too much, but land sakes, we thought you **liked** it."

There it was again, the same old remark.

"Single women do have burdens put on 'em," added Mrs. Howard, still cheerfully. "But think what women have with families, husbands and children, and everything dependin' on one pair of hands. That's hard, too, Anne.'

For a week Anne rather enjoyed the dearth of church work, in spite of an uneasy conscience. Nobody asked her to do anything; the social came and passed, but she sent no white cake.

"I'd like a piece of Miss Anne Warner's white cake," said old Deacon Sparrow at the social. "It's all the kind that agrees with me."

Mrs. Howard looked sober. "Miss Anne did not bake one for us this time," she said gently. "Here's one of Mrs. Cox's, and I'm sure you'll like it." The old man shook his head.

"It don't look like Miss Anne's," he said slowly. "I'm kinder afraid to tackle it.'

Anne kept wondering as communion Sunday drew near whether easygoing Mrs. Todd would remember the glasses. She went to church early that morning. There was the communion table spread with its white, spotless cloth, but the glasses had not been brought. At the last minute, however, little Martha Todd came in breathless.

"Ma plum forgot 'em till this mornin'," she said to one of the deacons. "She's awful sorry."

Anne noticed them as they were passed at the communion service. Instead of being shining and sparkling, as they were from her hands, they were undeniably dingy. She felt another qualm of conscience as she took one, and the verse she had read that Monday morning flashed into her mind again. Was it possible that after all she had missed a blessing? Things went on, and Anne (there was no question about it) began to tire of her idleness. She missed the calls that had been made upon her time and capabilities. She wearied of her self-imposed isolation, and then one Thursday afternoon, when the Aid Society met in the church parlors to sew for a poor family, she looked very thoughtful.

"Dear me. I wish Anne Warner were here," complained little Mrs. Cunningham. "I don't know about this yoke. Anne is so capable."

The minister's wife sighed. She had been up half the night with a sick child and was struggling over buttonholes.

"Yes," she said, "Anne is; but because she is, we must not expect her to give us all her time. We've imposed upon her, I'm afraid."

"You haven't done any such thing," said a voice. And every one started. There, grim and capable and strong, stood Anne, but with a pleasant twinkle in her eye.

"Give me that apron," she said to Mrs. Cunningham. "And don't work any more buttonholes any of you, I'll do 'em at home."

Somehow every one fell to work with renewed courage, and before the meeting closed a goodly pile of well-made garments was completed. Things always culminated in results with Anne at the helm. As they were preparing to leave, Anne asked suddenly:

"Who took the communion glasses for next month?"

For a moment no one replied. Then Mrs. Emerson spoke.

"No one, Anne," she said. "They're there in that closet."

Without a word Anne walked to it and opened it. Sure enough there they were, piled in much disorder into the basket.

"I'll wash 'em," she said.

"But," interposed Mrs. Emerson, "you said—"

A quick look of pain crossed Anne's face. "Don't remind me of what I said," she replied gently (for her).

"I'm going to take care of these individual communion glasses from now on, and that's all there is to it. And these curtains need washin'. While I'm about it, I'll just do them up." As she spoke, with strong, capable hands she stripped them from their fastenings.

"We'll have to give this room a good cleaning before a great while," she remarked cheerfully. "I'm going to see if we can't raise money enough for a new carpet."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Howard, "you—" The minister's little wife raised a pair of warning blue eyes. Mrs. Howard took the hint. Anne, with her basket of communion glasses and the soiled curtains, left the church. It had been a beautiful afternoon and the sun was still high.

Somehow Anne felt very happy. All her injured feelings were gone. She was glad, glad to come back and help do the humble duties she had discarded. That same verse went through her mind, as it had done every day since she had read it, "And the ark of the Lord remained in the house of Obed-edom the Hittite three months; and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his house."

Anne walked slowly; all at once she stopped and took a look at the individual communion glasses. In her mind's eye she saw them as she kept them clean, shining, beautiful.

"They were grimy," she said happily.—Susan Hubbard Martin.

A MOTHER TO HER SON.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part,
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, son, can do;

None other can please me or praise me as you.
Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
Like mother, like son, is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of mother by you.
Be this, then, your task, if task it shall be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won:
"She reaps as she sowed. **This man is her son.**"

Young People

THE HOLMES CENTENARY.

"A prize for the one who will write the best essay upon Oliver Wendell Holmes," said Mrs. Day as she gathered her little family about her in the cozy sitting room. There were four in her family—Ada and Bert, the blue-eyed ones, and Carrie and Dick, whose eyes were black as were mother's—as black, but not quite as kindly, for it takes many years to put into the eyes of any one such kindliness as there was in mother's.

"How long can we have in which to write our essays?" asked Ada.

"Until the twenty-ninth of August, which is the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth."

"And what will the prize be?" asked Bert.

"A volume of Holmes's poems," replied mother.

"Then we must get all the books about Holmes that we can out of the libra-y," said Carrie, "and read them, too."

"This will give each of us a good deal of information about the poet," said Dick; "and I, for one, will be glad of this, even if I don't receive the prize."

"It seems rather strange for brothers and sisters to be trying for a prize," said Ada, who was one of those rare creatures who always preferred others to herself.

"But whoever receives the prize is not obliged to keep it," said the mother with a loving glance at her firstborn.

During the following days the brothers and sisters made an exhaustive study of the life of Holmes. They read about his student days at Harvard College, his subsequent study of law, his later interest in the study of medicine, his experiences abroad as a medical student, his professorship at Dartmouth and later at Harvard, and of his literary work in both prose and verse. They also read several of his poems, and portions of his story, "Elsie Venner," which mother had selected for their perusal.

At last the twenty-ninth of August arrived, and all were waiting for mother's decision; for the essays had been in her possession for a full week. All knew that she would be a perfectly just judge, for one child was as dear to her as was another.

All were again gathered in the sitting room, and in the midst of the group sat mother, the four essays (all so neatly written) and the prize on the table beside her. There was a hush of expectancy over all. Each really wanted the prize, and at the same time wanted each of the others to gain it.

At last mother arose from her chair, and, casting a tender glance at all of her precious group, said: "I have very carefully considered your essays; and while I realize that each excels in some one point, one seems to contain more points of excellence than the others, and therefore deserves th prize; and this one was written by Ada." With these words the mother handed the volume of poems to her eldest child.

Thank you, mother," said Ada, taking the book, while a gleam of joy came to her face. Then even brighter was the gleam as she said: "I had made up my mind that if I received the prize I would give it to Bert." Then, turning to her brother, she said very sweetly: "The prize is yours, brotner, because I have earned it and it is mine to make yours."

"Thank you," said the lad in a tremulous voice, while the mother said softly: "God bless you, daughter."

Then Bert spoke further. Nervously turning the leaves of the beautiful book, he said: "I had made up my mind that if I earned the prize I would give it to Carrie. Although I have not earned it, I find it is mine to give away; so I now give it to Carrie."

"Good for you!" laughed Dick, while Carrie took the volume with smiles and tears and a dozen or less pretty "Thank yous" to her gallant brother, while mother repeated softly: "God bless you, my son!"

"I am glad that I own the prize, even if I did not earn it," said Carrie; "and I made up my mind at the very first that if it should be mine I would give it to Dick; so here it is, brother."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Bert as he joined in the peals of laughter in which all indulged; but the laughter was not so loud as to drown the third "God bless you" which came so sweetly from the lips of the mother.

"I thank you for the book, Carrie," said Dick as he took from her hand the volume; "but I had made up my mind that if I got the prize I should give it to Ada; so here it is, sister. It's doubly yours now. You have earned it, and it has also come to you as a gift."

At his words a general clapping of hands was added to the merriment; and yet above it all these words of mother, uttered with tears of joy in her eyes, could be heard: "God bless you all, dear children! God bless you!"

When quiet reigned again, mother said: "I do not know that there is any use for the prize to again go the rounds. I think it will be best for you all to own it together, and so I will write the names of you all in it, and I assure you that the generous manner in which each has preferred the others to himself is to me one of the sweetest surprises of my life."

"And to us all," said Ada.

Then mother wrote the names of all on the title-page, and the remainder of the evening was passed with games, songs, and chitchat.—Alice May Douglas.

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That is the official statement of the United States government, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, the comparison being with the previous year. The drop in the production of whisky was 4,828,268 gallons, being more than 3 per cent of the previous year's production. The decrease in the beer item was 2,444,183 gallons, 4 per cent of the production. Uncle Sam lost nearly eight millions in taxes, but the people are ahead by nearly eighty millions that did not go for beer and whiskey. If it be true that "more liquor is consumed under prohibition" the moonshiners must have made rivers and ponds of it that escaped taxation. But it is the claim of increased consumption that is "moonshine," and everybody knows it.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

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The Sixty-Third Annual Meeting

Of the American Missionary Association

At Burlington, Vermont, October 19th to the 21st, Inclusive

PREACHER Rev. S. H. Woodrow, D.D., of Washington, D. C., preaches the annual sermon on Tuesday evening, October 19th. Communion service will follow the sermon.

PROBLEMS The problems of Christian patriotism in the settlement of which the American Missionary Association is busy from year to year will be discussed by experts from many fields. A large representation from among those who are on the firing line of the active missionary efforts will be presented. Clergymen and laymen of national and international prominence will be present and add greatly to the value of the gatherings.

PROOGRAM The program is varied and comprehensive. The mission field of the Association has been so greatly increased in the past few years that the variety and interest of the annual meetings have never been wanting. The southern problem will be discussed by able and well-informed speakers.

The unique and interesting work among the Island Territories already under our flag and a part of the work of the American Missionary Association, will be presented.

COMMITTEES The churches of Burlington present a cordial invitation to delegates elected to attend this meeting and this beautiful Vermont city will present special attractions. Committees are being organized in Burlington and the names of the chairmen will be published later.

All correspondence directed to Mr. W. J. Van Patten, 386 Pearl Street, Burlington, Vt., will receive prompt attention.

DELEGATES Every contributing church, local association and state conference is entitled to be represented at the annual meeting of the A. M. A. in the person of two elected delegates and the pastor of each local church. This presents genuine Congregationalism, the Association being administered by the representatives of the churches. Each church and association is urged to select its delegates in time so that they may be reported for entertainment.

THE CLOSING MONTH OF THE FISCAL YEAR September is the closing month. The American Missionary Association represents work among the neediest millions of our own body politic. The appeal for increased suppoort of this work comes with the emphasis of Christian patriotism. Schools to the number of 101, stretching from Porto Rico to Alaska and from Savannah to Hawaii, enrolling nearly 18,000 pupils are included in the field of this Association. Shops, farms, hospitals, churches, schools are helped through this agency.

In this closing month of September the need of the treasury is very great and this appeal goes forth to patriotic Christian citizens to meet the opportunities and neds of this great work by sending a check to Rev. George W. Hinman, Secretary of the Pacific District, Johnson Building, Seattle, Washington.

TED AND THE WOOD-PILE.

"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through with it, won't I, mother?"

"No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes, after the wood is burned up," answered mother.

"Then I'll be through with it, mother?"

"No, I think not," answered mother, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonwer. "You will scatter the ashes on the corn-field, and father will plow them in in the spring. Then you will help them plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."

"Oh, we'll sort of eat the wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old wood pile."

"Not quite," said mother. "There will be cobs left, and stalks of corn. We may feed them to the pigs, or to the cows, and that will give us meat or milk."

"Well, I never knew before that there was so much in a wood pile," said Ted.—Exchange.